

Good Morning 469

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Dick Gordon's STAGE, SCREEN and STUDIO

ONE of the most pleasing recent changes in the General Forces programme has been the introduction of more regional programmes. Apart from the "Transatlantic Call," "Strike a Home Note," and "Home Flash" programmes, still more regional features are cropping up every week on both the Home Service and G.F.P. wavelengths.

This welcome swing-back to regional broadcasting is no doubt the work of Mr. W. J. Haley, the new Director-General of the B.B.C., who, having acted as editor in the North for many years, realises that broadcasting must be general and not restricted to the South.

Three programmes shortly coming on the air will provide a pleasing touch of home to those from Lancashire, Northumberland, and the Midlands.

Recently, the "Transatlantic Call" programme presented a radio picture of the old-style Lancashire holiday and its 1944 equivalent.

The broadcast came from a typical Lancashire town and described what holidays at home mean in Lancashire this year. Mr. T. Thompson, who wrote the script for this broadcast, also described the industries of "Milltown."

Although the Brains Trust was for a few months off the air, a "Listeners' Brains Trust" was broadcast. Donald McCullough was question-master, and the three listeners W. H. Corbett, Albert Saphier, and Frank Stokes. Two experienced "trustees"—Commander Campbell and Mr. Middleton—took part in the session to give confidence to the newcomers.

AMATEUR detectives will be pleased to hear that Chief Inspector French will be returning to the air in a new series of six short plays starting from August 17.

Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts, the creator of the Inspector, says



June Allyson

that the broadcasts will be on the same lines as those that went on the air last autumn.

Listeners will be treated fairly in the series and each separate case set before them in its entirety, giving a reasonable chance of discovering the essential clues which will enable them to solve the problems.

Each broadcast will be com-

plete in itself, and the part of Chief-Inspector French will be played as before, by Milton Rosmer.

Music-lovers, especially those in Wales, will be pleased to hear that there will be many broadcasts of the 1944 National Eisteddfod.

During the seven days of this year's Eisteddfod, which is being held in the Carmarthenshire village of Llandeby, a quiet corner between the Black Mountains, Betws Mountain, and Y Ddinias, there will be 20 broadcasts given in the Home Service and on many overseas wavelengths.

IF a present Hollywood trend continues, writers may soon be able to stop worrying about what to call their screen characters. Actors will simply use their own names, as more and more are now doing.

Take the case of Jose Iturbi. He made his screen debut playing himself in M.-G.-M.'s "Thousands Cheer," and thousands cheer with delight that he did so.

There are Abbott and Costello, who have carted their names around faithfully through early variety days and on up the ladder. Costello was originally Cristello, but when Maurice Costello became his favourite actor, Cristello became Costello. And even now as a show team stranded overseas in their next comedy, Bud and Lou will use their own names.

The world-famous composer-conductor, Albert Coates, appears on the screen as himself in a piano number in "Song of Russia."

The fans of Xavier Cugat will see their idol in "Two Girls and a Sailor." And Lauritz Melchior will sing as himself in "Thrill of a Romance."

And the list is constantly growing. There are Vaughn Monroe in "Meet the People," Tommy Dorsey in "Broadway Rhythm," and Carlos Ramirez, the Colombian-born lad who thrilled Latin-American grand opera lovers with his golden voice, and who makes his first Hollywood appearance in "Bathing Beauty."

Others in the long list are Laurel and Hardy, and Harry James.

The trend is not confined to the human race, either. In "Lassie Come Home," the starring role of the collie is played by a magnificent animal called, in real life, "Lassie." Odd quirk, however, is that Lassie is actually a male.

JIM TAYLOR, fifty years a stage manager, reminisced at his retirement party the other day that chorus girls were paid by their weight half a century ago.

Jim, who has spent most of his life at the Oldham Theatre Royal, remembers when chorines were paid fourteen shillings a week—unless they weighed over fourteen stone; then they got sixpence extra. "The lads in the stalls liked 'em big," he says.

John Allen in
his series "The
Crowd Roared,"
tells a story
of Lancashire's
Eddie Paynter



Bette Davis

All's Well—bar Radio O.S. Derek France

THE family have a bone to pick with you, Ordinary Seaman Derek France, so if you take our advice you will read up one or two books on radios and how to repair them.

Yes, it's true, the wireless has never been the same since you left, and when we called at your home at 7 Stamford Street, Mill Brook, Stalybridge, Cheshire, one of the first things your mother told us was, "It's that young lad of mine, Derek. I don't know what he did to the wireless, but we can't get a sound out of it now."

Never mind, Derek, you can rest assured the family will be just as pleased as ever when you can manage another leave.

Walter enjoyed himself on quite a long leave, and we'll bet you can imagine what he did with himself—right again! He hopes to be seeing something of you one of these days. We only found your Ma at

Thermometer Rose ENGLAND'S HOPES FELL

AUSTRALIA v. England. The fourth Test Match at Brisbane, in the February of 1933, and every sportsman in Britain and Down Under on their toes. England had thought she had put herself in a sound position when Bill Woodfull's Australians had been put out in their first innings for 340, and D. R. Jardine's side, who had won two of the three Test matches already played, felt confident that they could score another victory and so make the Ashes their property.

But the Australians have always been fighters—and English wickets began to topple at alarming speed. By the end of the fourth day six of their best wickets had fallen for 216 runs.

Douglas Jardine, that born leader of men, and a great captain-batsman, looked worried. And he had every reason to be, for Eddie Paynter, the dapper Lancashire batsman and brilliant fielder, was not available. At least, he had the previous day been taken to a local hospital, examined, and ordered to take no further part in the match.

As the thermometer rose, so did England's hopes fall, but little Lancashire Eddie, when he heard of the plight his countrymen were in, felt very perturbed.

He asked to see the doctor, told the medical man that he felt fit enough to play in the Test—and was promptly told that he would be taking too big a risk.

But Lancashiremen are rarely known to take no for an answer, and a short time afterwards, when his temperature had fallen a little, Paynter again made the request.

The doctor, as one can appreciate, could not very well allow any patient, especially when in such a serious condition, to be discharged, and pointed out to Eddie Paynter that he could not hold him, although his advice to the batsman was to stay in bed.

Finally, Paynter decided that the risk would be worth while, so, with the assistance of George Duckworth, his teammate, he was assisted from bed into an ambulance.

Then, aboard this unusual conveyance for a Test cricketer, he was hurried to the Brisbane ground.

"Well, Eddie, and how do you feel?" one of his colleagues asked the Lancashireman as he took out medicine and a

man, when, white beneath his tan, and looking more cheerful than he felt, he entered the dressing-room.

"Fine!"—exclaimed the little batsman. "Good for fifty."

"I'll keep you to that," chipped in another player—and thought of this when Eddie Paynter, as confident as if he were playing on his Old Trafford home, and determined to give of his best—as usual—for England, sauntered out to the crease.

His throat was swathed in bandages, and he had sometimes to stop to take medicine and gargle, but Paynter, once in flannels and holding a bat, cannot fail to forget everything in his joy. He did so at Brisbane.

With a sizzling sun beating down upon the ground, and the Australian bowlers and fieldsmen on their toes, Eddie Paynter from the first realised what a tough fight he would have for runs.

Keeping a good length, Australia's fast bowler, Tim Wall, at first kept Paynter pinned down. Then the Lancashire man, surprising everyone present, opened those broad shoulders of his and used the iron strength of his wrists with such effect that the fast bowler's figures began to look anything but good.

Woodfull, conscious of the fact that Paynter was now seeing the ball, brought on the great Bill O'Reilly.

Six feet tall, and commanding a fine length, the fast-medium star of the Australian attack sent Paynter back into his shell, for you cannot take too many liberties with him at the best of times. Paynter quietly determined to steal as many runs as possible.

Backed up by many of the tail-enders, Lancashire Eddie, with his back to the wall, played those Australian bowlers in a manner that surprised the large crowd—and heartened his own colleagues.

Every now and again teammates asked the Lancashireman as he took out medicine and a

gargle for the batsman—but apart from that no one would have known that anything was wrong with him.

By the time stumps were drawn, Eddie Paynter, still unbeaten, was not feeling so good. He had a headache, his legs were weak, and in general he was in such a way that no doctor would have thought twice about sending him to bed.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Gawd 'elp you, chum, if the wife catches you droppin' cigarette ash in 'ere!"

Returning to the hospital, again aboard the ambulance, Paynter received treatment and surprised his friends by resuming his innings in the morning.

What a display he gave! Late cuts and brilliant off-drives sent the ball rattling to the boundary like an express

We sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours.
"Vicar of Wakefield."

train, and before Paynter finally lost his wicket eighty-three runs were credited to him.

Eighty-three runs, scored by a man who had risen from a sick bed in hospital and come to the ground by ambulance!

No wonder the tough Australian crowd forgot that he had probably put paid to their hopes of retaining the Ashes! No wonder they stood up and cheered. For here was a real man, the kind of hero they like Down Under.

But Eddie did not wait to hear the cheers of the crowd. All he wanted to do was to climb into bed and be quiet. His wish was rewarded—and he went to sleep that night knowing that he had helped to put the Old Country on the road to victory—and recapture of the famed Ashes.

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1



home, Derek, but she gave us all the news, and everybody is keeping fine. Dad is as busy as ever, and Bill and his family are A.1.

"It might just be of interest to Derek if you told him that I have seen Gladys. She was looking very fit, and said something about wanting to see you again!" Yes, Derek, it was your mother speaking, and

we did notice there was a twinkle in her eye.

None of your pals has been around lately, so there's no news to pass on, but you can take it from us Stamford Street looks just the same as when you left it, and your Ma is as bright as ever... just take another look at the picture. All the best from Staly-

bridge, Derek.

The Disgusting Old Man of the Sea

NEXT morning, when they all met, they sat down at table; and when dinner was over, Sindbad began the relation of his fifth voyage.

After a long navigation, says he, the first place we touched at was a desert island where we found an egg of a roc, equal in bigness with that I formerly mentioned: there was a young roc in it just ready to be hatched, and the bill of it began to appear.

The merchants, whom I had taken on board my ship, and who landed with me, broke the egg with hatchets, and made a hole in it, from whence they pulled out the young roc piece after piece, and roasted it. I had earnestly dissuaded them from meddling with the egg; but they would not listen to me.

Scarce had they made an end of their treat, when there appeared in the air, at a considerable distance from us, two great clouds. The captain whom I hired to sail my ship, knowing by experience what it meant, cried that it was the he and the she roc that belonged to the young one, and pressed us to re-embark with all speed. We made haste to do so, and set sail with all possible diligence.

In the meantime the two rocs approached with a frightful noise, which they redoubled when they saw the egg broken, and their young one gone: but having a mind to avenge themselves, they flew back towards the place from whence they came, but returned, and each of them carried between their talons a stone, or rather a rock of a monstrous size.



"I've been ordered to SHAFF."
"About time, too!"

JANE

When they came directly over my ship, they hovered, and one of them let fall a stone; but by the dexterity of the steersman, who turned the ship with the rudder, it missed us; and falling by the side of the ship into the sea, divided the water so, that we almost could see the bottom.

The other roc, to our misfortune, threw the stone so exactly on the middle of the ship, that it split it in a thousand pieces. The mariners and passengers were all killed by the stone, or sunk.

I myself had the last fate; but as I came up again, I caught hold, by good fortune, of a piece of the wreck, and swimming sometimes with one hand and sometimes with the other, but always holding fast my board, the wind and tide being in my favour, I came to an island whose bank was very steep: I overcame that difficulty, however, and got ashore.

I sat down on the grass, to recover myself a little from the fatigue, after which I got up, and went into the island to view it. It seemed to be a delicious garden; I found trees everywhere, some of them bearing green, and others ripe fruits, and streams of fresh, pure water, with pleasant windings and turnings. I ate of the fruits, which I found excellent; and drank of the water, which was very pleasant.

Night being come, I lay down upon the grass, in a convenient place enough; but I could not sleep an hour at a time, my mind was so disturbed with the fear of being alone in so, desert a place. After spending great part of the night in fretting, I got up and walked among the trees, but not without apprehensions of danger.

When I was a little advanced into the island I saw an old man, who to me seemed very weak and feeble. I went towards him and saluted him; but he only bowed his head a little. I asked him what he did there; but instead of answering me, he made a sign for me to take him upon my back and carry him over the brook, signifying that it was to gather fruit.

I believed him really to stand in need of my help; so I took him upon my back: and having carried him over, bade him get down, and for that end stooped, that he might get off with ease; but instead of that, the old man, who to me appeared very decrepit, clasped his legs nimbly about my neck, and then I perceived his skin to be like that of a cow.

He sat astride me upon my shoulders, and held my throat so tight that I thought he would have strangled me, the fright of which made me faint away, and fall down. Notwithstanding my fainting, the ill-natured old fellow kept fast about my neck, but opened his legs

a little, to give me time to recover my breath.

When I had done so, he thrust one of his feet against my stomach, and struck me so rudely on the side with the other, that he forced me to rise up against my will. Being got up, he made me walk under the trees, and forced me now and then to stop and eat such fruit as we found.

He never left me all day; and when I lay down to rest by night, he laid himself down with me, holding always fast about my neck. Every morning he pushed me to make me awake, and afterwards obliged me to get up and walk, and pressed me with his feet. You may judge, then, gentlemen, what trouble I was in to be charged with a burden from which I could no way free myself.

One day I found in my way several calabashes that had fallen from a tree; I took a large one, and after cleaning it, pressed into it some juice of grapes, which abounded in the island. Having

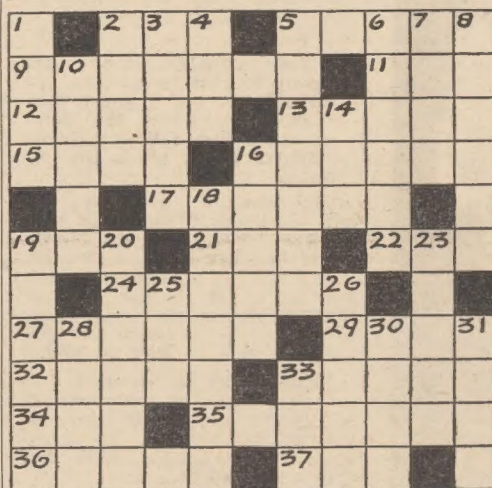
being enough of it to fuddle him he became drunk immediately, and the fumes getting up into his head, he began to sing after his manner, and to move briskly upon my shoulders.

His jolting about made him vomit, and he loosened his legs from about me by degrees; so finding that he did not press me as before, I threw him upon the ground, where he lay without motion; and then I took up a great stone, with which I crushed his head to pieces.

I was extremely rejoiced to be freed thus for ever from this cursed old fellow, and walked upon the bank of the sea, where I met the crew of a ship that had cast anchor to take in water, and refresh themselves. They were extremely surprised to see me, and to hear the particulars of my adventures.

You fell, said they, into the hands of the Old Man of the Sea, and are the first that ever escaped strangling by him: he never left

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 Tire.
- 5 College tutors.
- 9 Enliven.
- 11 Point.
- 12 Merchandise.
- 13 Sweetheart.
- 15 Portray.
- 16 Manly.
- 17 Moving herds.
- 19 Woven fabric.
- 21 Female animal.
- 22 Tree.
- 24 Bids.
- 27 Walk.
- 29 Piece of land.
- 32 Turning joint.
- 33 Stir up.
- 34 Before.
- 35 Hire.
- 36 Sleeping place.
- 37 Small.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Boat.
- 2 Resolute.
- 3 Correct.
- 4 Fuel.
- 5 Free.
- 6 Notify.
- 7 Boy's or girl's name.
- 8 Brook.
- 10 Unaffected.
- 14 Mineral.
- 16 Letter.
- 18 Consider.
- 19 Round tightener.
- 20 East Indies Island.
- 23 Not compact.
- 25 Perplex.
- 26 Fern seed.
- 28 Beginner.
- 30 Musical instrument.
- 31 Space of time.
- 33 Inexperienced.

HOOD GOES E
ABRADE GAPS
FLAMING MAP
TOT DIABOLO
NOW UGLY U
EGRESS FEELS
X YAK SADIE
AS TIMED V
LIGHTEN LEA
TREE ASSORT
S TRADE WYE

filled the calabash, I set it in a convenient place; and coming hither again some days after, I took up my calabash, and setting it to my mouth, found the wine to be so good, that it made me presently not only forget my sorrow, but I grew vigorous.

The old man, perceiving the effect which this drink had upon me, and that I carried him with more ease than I did before, made a sign for me to give him the calabash; and the liquor pleasing his palate, he drank it all off. There

those he had once made himself master of, till he destroyed them.

After having informed me of these things, they carried me with them to the ship; the captain received me with great satisfaction, when they told him what had befallen me. He put out again to sea; and after some days' sail we arrived at the harbour of a great city, whose houses were built with good stone.

One of the merchants of the ship, who had taken me into his friendship, obliged me to go along with

The THOUSAND and ONE NIGHTS



him, and carried me to a place appointed for a retreat for foreign merchants.

He gave me a great bag; and, having recommended me to some people of the town who used to gather cocoas he desired them to take me with them to do the like: Go, says he, follow them, and do as you see them do, and do not separate from them; otherwise you endanger your life. Having thus spoken, he gave me provisions for the journey, and I went with them.

We came to a great forest of trees, extremely straight and tall; and their trunks were so smooth that it was not possible for any man to climb up to the branches that bore the fruit. All the trees were cocoa-trees; and when we entered the forest we saw a great number of apes of several sizes, that fled as soon as they perceived us, and climbed up to the tops of the trees with surprising swiftness.

The merchants with whom I was, gathered stones, and threw them at the apes on the tops of the trees. I did the same; and the apes out of revenge threw cocoa-nuts at us as fast, and with such gestures, as sufficiently testified their anger and resentment. We gathered up the cocoas, and from time to time threw stones to provoke the apes; so that by this stratagem we filled our bags with cocoa-nuts, which it had been impossible for us to have done otherwise.

When we had gathered our number we returned to the city, where the merchant who sent me to the forest gave me the value of the cocoas I brought.

The vessel in which I came sailed with the merchants, who loaded her with cocoas. I expected the arrival of another, which landed speedily for the like loading.

I embarked on board the same all the cocoas that belonged to me; and when she was ready to sail I went and took leave of the merchant who had been so kind to me; for he could not embark with me,

because he had not finished his affairs.

We set sail towards those islands where pepper grows in great plenty. From whence we went to the isle of Comari, where the best sort of wood of aloes grows.

I exchanged my cocoas in these islands for pepper and wood of aloes, and went with the other merchants a pearl-fishing. I hired divers, who fetched me up those that were very large and pure. I embarked joyfully in a vessel, that happily arrived at Balsora; from whence I returned to Bagdad, where I made vast sums of my pepper, wood of aloes, and pearls.

When Sindbad had finished his story he ordered one hundred sequins to Hindbad, who retired with all the other guests.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. A sloat is an animal, kind of chisel, fish, precious stone, reptile, part of a wagon?
2. In 'tempera' painting the paint is mixed with oil, water, turpentine, white of egg, gum?
3. What is the Yugoslav parliament called?
4. What common creature is sometimes called a slater?
5. What is the difference between (a) a philatelist and (b) a philumenist?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Skein, Feign, Neice, Deign, Reign, Seige, Seive, Seize?

Answers to Quiz in No. 468

1. Greek letter.
2. Norfolk plover or Stone curlew.
3. Archery.
4. (a) Edward I, (b) Queen Anne.
5. Hudson Bay.
6. Liquefy, Liquidate.

WANGLING WORDS—408

1. Put a joint in CS and get a vegetable dish.
2. Rearrange the letters of MOP HER SEAT and get something necessary to life.
3. In the following six grains the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 725, B67L52, 1H564, 064S, M63Z5, 73C5.
4. Find the two hidden comedians in: He came, in a manner, voluntarily, and began to speak. "No X-rays for me," he said.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 407

1. SteakS.
2. MATRIMONY.
3. Parkin, Marmalade, Marzipan, Sundae.
4. S-queer-s, Well-er.

Odd-But True

Able to pick out and name the different colours by touch, a blind girl, Margaret McAvoy, described the "temperature" of red, orange and yellow as warm and pleasant, but the touch of blue, green or black made her shiver with cold.

Her war-time job of Post Office sorter brought its own reward to Mrs. Dark, of Bath, when her delighted eyes fell on a postcard sent her by her husband, a prisoner of the Japs, from whom no word had been received for 18 months.

In 1/7th second wireless waves travel completely round the world.



BEELZEBUB JONES



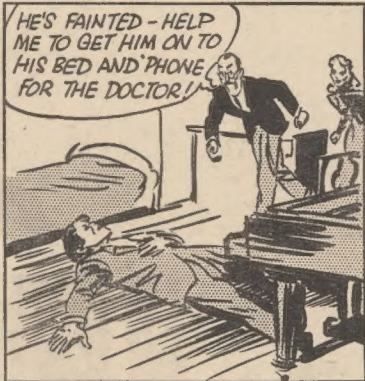
BELINDA



POPEYE



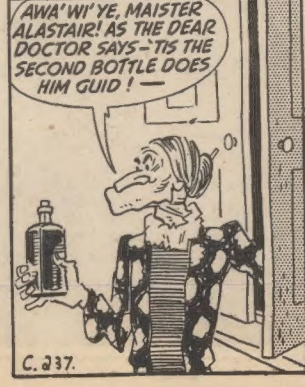
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Helicopters are Here

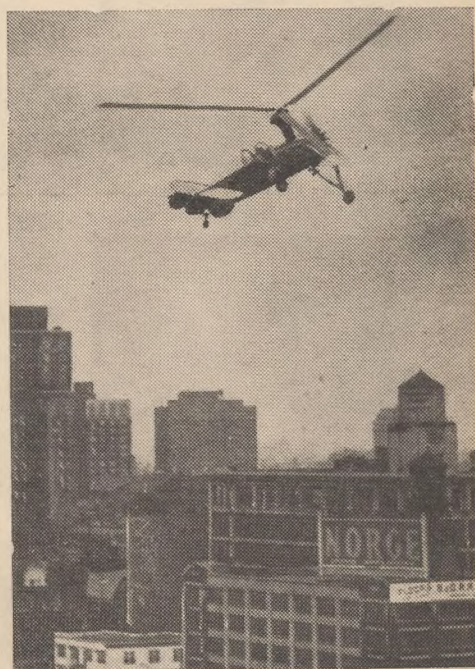
Says T. S. DOUGLAS

MASS-PRODUCTION of helicopters has now begun in the U.S.A., and at least three types are beginning to come off the assembly lines. For the duration of the war every helicopter will be used for military purposes, but in the immediate post-war period a "boom" in helicopters is predicted.

The U.S. Post Office has been experimenting in the use of helicopters, using the rooftops of post offices; North-East Airlines of America has filed an application in Washington for a helicopter service to carry mails from the roofs of more than 400 post offices and railway stations, and Greyhound Busline, America's largest motor-coach system, has made plans for a nation-wide "bus service" by helicopter after the war.

These are indications of how helicopters may fit into the general pattern of post-war aviation. After many years of disappointment the helicopter has appeared in a form which is completely practical and has great possibilities of development. The modern helicopters can rise and descend absolutely vertically, hover, and travel forwards or backwards.

Such remarkable feats have been performed by helicopters under test, such as hovering just off the ground while a landing-wheel tyre is changed, that the danger now is an over-estimation of the possibilities of this type of aircraft. The man in the street is apt to look forward to the time when all aircraft will be helicopters and when he will be able to have his helicopter "runabout" that will rise from his backyard and take him to his office roof or put him down at a convenient spot at the seaside.



It is most unlikely that the helicopter will supplant the ordinary fixed-wing aircraft for most purposes. The two chief reasons are the technical difficulties of building really large helicopters and the slow speeds. Of the three types said to be in mass-production, the Sikorsky R4B has a speed of 90 miles an hour, and the XR5 and XR6 speeds "in excess of 100 m.p.h."

The ordinary civil aircraft after the war will have speeds double and treble this, and on any journey of more than, say, 100 miles, the advantages of speed will more than outweigh those of being able to land in a very restricted space in the centre of a town. Moreover, with the coming of jet propulsion we may expect the average speed of commercial aircraft to rise considerably during the next ten years.

The difficulty of size is largely a matter of the lifting rotors, which would have to be impractically large for a plane holding, say, twenty passengers. The difficulty may be overcome by having more than one set of rotors, but this, of course, will complicate the construction and controls. There may be big developments that would overcome both these handicaps—for instance, the use of jet propulsion once the aircraft had risen to the required height. But at the moment they are limitations, and suggest that the helicopter will act as a bus and taxi rather than an air liner, perhaps feeding the great airports from neighbouring towns.

Said a cheerful old bear at the Zoo,
"I never have time to feel blue.
When it bores me, you know,
To walk to and fro,
I reverse it and walk fro and to."

Good Morning

To fly must be an awfully big adventure — as Barrie nearly said.



"Say! Whatcher got there, pal?"



"Listen, it's a whispersper-sppsh."



"You don't say? Go on, you're killing me."



"Keep it under your bib."



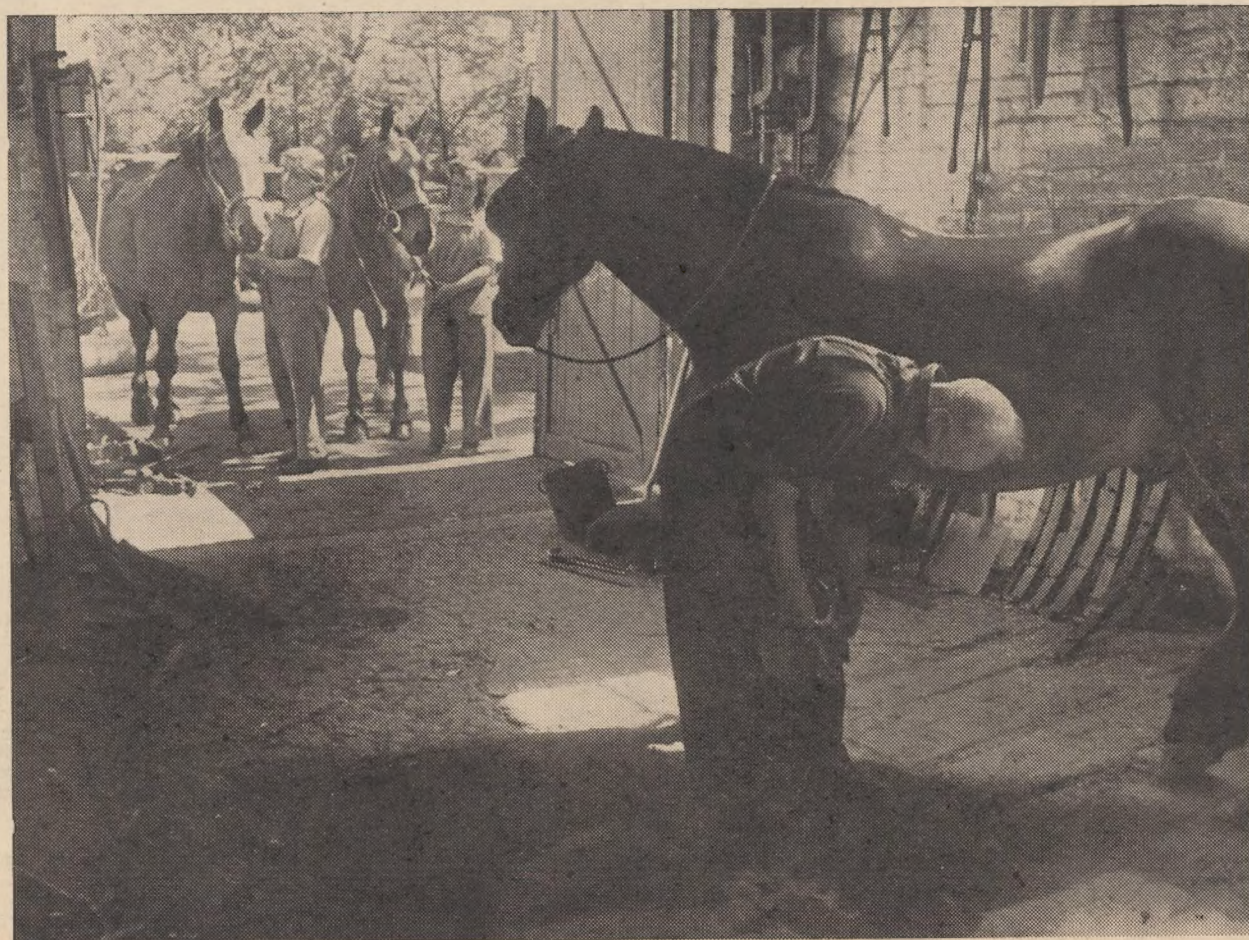
"And, mind, no squawking, now."



"Why! That's something like a secret."



Mimi Chandler, Paramount star, is appearing in "And the Angels Sing." Look into her eyes, and you can hear them already.



This England

The village smithy at Send, Surrey. And Gus Sex, a mighty man is he.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"A mighty man, my whiskers!"

